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JOB PRINTING
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MONDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1934

READY FOR WAR

In announcing openly that it is making preparations for possible war with Japan Russia gives another dangerous turn to the situation in the Far East.

The speech of Commissar Voroshilov before the Communist Congress fully confirms previous unofficial reports dealing with military measures being carried out in the maritime provinces. A new naval base has been established at Vladivostok, said the commissar, fully equipped with airplanes and submarines and prepared to resist any Japanese attack.

His statement can not be regarded as having been made in the nature of a bluff for the purpose of intimidating Japan. For three years or more, there have been reports that Russia was strengthening her defenses in the maritime provinces. These reports have been seized upon by Tokyo as justification for strengthening the Japanese army and navy and the carrying out of other military plans in what formerly was Manchuria.

Although each country claims that its war preparations were made only for defensive purposes, this can not serve to minimize the chances of war. The powder has been spread, and only a spark now is needed.

TURN TO AMERICA

In agreeing on President Roosevelt as arbiter in an effort to settle their century-old boundary dispute, Peru and Ecuador seem to reflect an improvement in the relations between the United States and Latin America.

The President is to be called on to decide the issue in the event two negotiating commissions being sent to Washington fail to reach a settlement.

The dispute had its inception in 1830 when Ecuador became a separate state. It relates to territory around the headwaters of the Amazon River, lying between the Morona, Marañon, Napo and Pilcomayo rivers. In 1910, the controversy was submitted to the king of Spain for arbitration. The Spanish ruler, however, withdrew without making an award. In 1924, a protocol was drawn up providing for the sending of commissions to Washington to discuss the adjustment of the dispute, and, in the event of disagreement, leaving to the American president arbitral decision of the points involved. Until recently, however, no action in carrying out the terms of the protocol had been taken.

Settlement of the dispute would cure a threatening situation in Latin America, and the part taken in it by the United States should help this country in that part of the world. This is sufficient reason for hoping for success of the latest move.

Moderns aren't so superior. Shakespeare wrote great stuff because he had audiences that liked it.

This kind of war isn't so bad. We aren't required to eat corn bread because our allies don't like it.

Mussolini's scowl is understandable. You would look that way if you had to kiss as many whiskers as he does.

It might be worse. Suppose some of our big industries couldn't pay dividends without selling three-inch guns to gangsters.

Echoes of The Past

By Louise White Watson

Voices

What are the heavens declaring, over and over again to deafened ears? What messages are being sent out in the hope that some one may pick them up and interpret them to others? One of the great writers said he made it a part of his life to stop at times, in the mad rush, and try to interpret the air-soundings, the wave motions as they rocked in fury or soother in their soft lappings against the pier. "And ever," he speaks, "I was benefited. I felt in closer touch with God and believe He is ever sending the call for a better understanding with life, so often unheeded." Jean Ingelow sang, "Are there voices in the valley, lying near the heavenly gate? When it opens, do the harp-strings Touched within, reverberate?" And Tenyson set the wild echoes flying and received answer, "Dying, dying, dying." But echoes, be they of the past or present, accompany gladness as often as they touch lightly on the sad. We have all shouted a message across the distance, waited while it rebounded and came back to us, sweetly mellow, in strong contrast to our shouts, and yet reproducing them word for word. Did we laugh, back came the prettiest semblance of a laugh. Echoes belong to the years and call out as History takes the cry.

"Do we live forever?" And Echo answers, purposely omitting the "do" and unhesitatingly proclaims, "We live forever."

The Delaware

That river of dignity, enfolded in historic robes, proclaims authentically, "Never does the winter season bear down heavily on humanity in severity of cold, ice blocks, sometimes floating, sometimes firmly wedged together, but what Echo calls back, clearly, and one again pictures the Battle of Trenton. One never recalls that battle but what Echo again and again presents most vividly the suffering incurred that that victory might be won.

Roof Trees

Shelters, built by man, these roof-trees stood for years upon years, offering shelter, dreaming dreams—who knows—of the day when historic echoes would claim a share of the roost. Many of you recall the hip-roof house, at New Hope, known as "The Old Fort." The two windows on the third floor, one on the second, and one immediately below it, on the first. These windows allow for sunshine or shadow on the end, while in front are the two windows over a porch. In the roof, leaning closely to the second story windows, are two others. Echo

just nestles there and has for years for this is said to be the second house built in that old borough of New Hope, and at one time headquarters of General Mercer and General de Forno, previous to the Battle of Trenton. One dare not rush by, there are too many vivid pictures of those old days to arrest one's attention, taking us with them down the long, long trail.

Over the River

Leaving Pennsylvania's markings, one crosses that historic river, the Delaware, and stands before another house wherein Echo finds herself at home. She calls out and we listen: "This is the Holcomb House, one of Lambertville's age-long touches. This was Washington's headquarters on two different occasions. His 'Coryell's Ferry' Orders and Letters were written from here." The old stone house, with water-pipe leading from roof to ground, seemingly forming the dividing line between two sections of the house, evidently built at different times. The tall trees, standing within the shelter of the white picket fence, allowing but a small space for a front yard. One tried to glimpse the back, knowing there must be space somewhere for the flowers, dear to all woman's heart. The old pump and trough just outside the fence. Can't you hear the head of the house, calling out lustily, as he reigns the horse, after allowing him to drink ferely of that cool, thirst-quenching water, some drops still clinging around the mouth, "Ready, Mother?" and hear her call briskly, "Coming, Father." Echo goes

back into the large airy rooms and wonders if history lovers love to ponder with her over events occurring so long ago. Ever the flag-stones mark the going and comings.

Where Next?

Have we passed some wild cataract leaping in glory? For Echo has called and we follow her willingly, devotedly, for history is in the air. One breathes it in deeply and reverently. We call a cat at "Rolling Green." At Paxson's corner, now Aquetong, Bucks County, home of Benjamin Paxson in Revolutionary times, Echo points out to us an old pine tree, standing on the right of the lawn, with its center gone, evidence of the marksmanship of an officer of Washington's Army. This place is embedded in a grove of trees, the foreground showing part of the encampment site of General Charles Lee and Six Brigades, June 20, 1778. Echo is speaking: "Many Revolutionary stories and traditions, handed down in the Paxson family, cluster around this old Colonial structure. One tells of a dinner in preparation one snowy Christmas eve, Turkey roasting on the spit, cider mulling on the hearth. 'Then,' and Echo hurries on, 'there came a rap at the door, hurried words and marching orders given. Untouched was the dinner, warm fires deserted, out into the

fury of the storm hurried the officers and men for orders had come for the attack on Trenton. Again one hears, 'Their's not to make reply. Their's not to reason why.'"

Those Patriots

All around us, fighting, suffering, jubilant at times, despondent at others. Up there, on the northern side of old Jericho Mountain, Upper Makefield, stands another of Echo's home, the Dr. Chapman House, once the headquarters of General Knox and Captain Alexander Hamilton. And it was from the Keith house near by, that General Washington, the Washington on whom the whole cause relied, wrote those words, "I fear the game is nearly up." But Echo laughs, "The game is never up where there is a Washington in command." It is hard to visualize the conditions of those dejected patriots so long ago. But the ages shout applause, and Echo dances like a graceful sprite, for the heaven-laden messages awaited but the day of interpretation and the world listened while the proclamation was read, the same proclamation given exultantly by Echo, "The game is never up so long as there is a Washington in command!"

Regular use of the Courier classified column is economical and profitable.

HULMEVILLE

The Junior League will this evening entertain their parents at the church. A varied program will be presented, and refreshments are to be served.

On Wednesday evening the Parent-Teacher Association will conduct its February meeting at the school house.

Yesterday Mrs. Charles Haefner and Miss Elma E. Haefner were guests of the Rev. and Mrs. Walter H. Canon, Philadelphia.

A large number enjoyed the oyster and ham supper served at the station of William Penn Fire Company, Saturday evening, for benefit of the fire company.

A choral society to include boys and girls from 10 to 16 years of age is being organized at the Methodist Church, with Mrs. Jennie Halk in charge. The first rehearsal will take place tomorrow evening at the home of Miss Clara L. Illick at 7.30 o'clock.

Miss Catherine Callahan, Buckley street, entertained over the week-end Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Callahan, Olney.

Jack McGinley, Mount Union, is paying a week's visit to his mother, Mrs. John McGinley, Buckley street.



SYNOPSIS

Young and beautiful Stanley Paige loses her fortune through market speculation but a harder blow comes when her fiancé, the fascinating, irresponsible Drew Armitage, tells her it would be madness to marry on his income and leaves town. Penniless and broken-hearted, Stanley refuses to seek aid from her wealthy friends. Desiring to make her own way, Stanley drops out of her exclusive circle and rents a cheap furnished room. After a week of loneliness and trying to adapt herself to her poor surroundings, Stanley calls on Nigel Stern, one of her society friends, and asks his aid in securing a position. Nigel urges her to marry the handsome and wealthy young lawyer, Perry Deverest, who has loved her devotedly for years, but Stanley's heart is with Drew. Nigel suggests that she think it over, and then, if she still wants a position, he will try to place her. Stanley does not go back to Nigel, realizing it would mean meeting all her old friends. One day when Stanley is more lonely than usual, she meets John Harmon Northrup, a struggling young author and is touched by his sincerity. Stanley finally secures a position and grows curiously content. Then, too, having John Harmon waiting for her at the end of the day, helped make things brighter. He and his ready smile became very important to Stanley.

CHAPTER TWENTY-THREE

They talked a lot about John Harmon's book. The first half had already taken shape but the real plan of the book was still in the making.

"You know, Stanley," John Harmon would say, sitting up abruptly on the sand, his eyes excited. "I can figure the thing all out before hand. Have a definite idea in view—a real plot to follow, sequence, form, all that sort of thing—but when I get to writing, it doesn't work out that way at all. The people simply won't do or say the things I planned for them—they take the story and walk away with it, upset the appletart completely. I'm perfectly helpless, once I've created a character, to make it behave!"

Stanley, slim in a scarlet bathing suit, her dark hair pushed off her forehead, her eyes shining and completely absorbed would rush headlong into the conversation. "That's why the stuff you write is so real, the people in your stories aren't you, saying the things John Harmon Northrup would say, doing the things John Harmon Northrup would do. They're themselves, each one individual and clean-cut. Sometimes they're so different from you I don't believe you really understood them yourself. Sometimes I think you're amazed at them or disgusted or even utterly disillusioned!"

"I am!" John Harmon would admit. "Honestly. And a little bit scared of them, too. They play the very devil with my originality—sort of discard it as so much bunk and go ahead and write the story themselves. Now, take Gloria, for instance—" and he would plunge into an hour's discussion of why she had done a certain thing reacted to a certain situation in exactly the opposite way from what he had intended. "And the deuce of it is, there's nothing I can do about it!" he would conclude, with a shrug of his shoulders, smoking furiously, one hand ruffling his damp, brown hair.

On rainy Sundays, they would have dinner at one of the little eating places in the Village—perhaps a little French restaurant where there was music and good food and one met informal, interesting people who sat long over their coffee and cigarettes. Or perhaps at a little place called the

"Copper Kettle" where the tables wore bright red and white checkered tablecloths and one ate deliciously cooked food served on thick crockery in an atmosphere made cheerful by warm yellow walls and mellow candlelight.

Sometimes Valerie was included on these occasions but usually she went with a crowd more to her liking—a crowd of pretty, restless girls, expertly well-dressed, expertly well-informed.

"A girl like me," Valerie explained one day, curled up at the foot of Stanley's bed, wrapped in a flame-colored coat, "can give just so much—and no more. Can feel just so much—and no more. We have to be hard, hard as nails. Gosh! What I wouldn't give to indulge in one real honest-to-goodness emotion—but it wouldn't pay. Take Jimmy for instance. Well, I don't go out with him any more. I don't dare. I couldn't be hard about Jimmy so I keep away from him."

"But if you liked him, why not go on? Let yourself care?" Stanley looked up a bit puzzled, from where she was drying her hair by the open window.

"Because I can't afford to care for a boy like Jimmy. He's a shipping clerk on a salary smaller than mine, and sooner or later it would mean marriage and marriage between us would be hades." Valerie spoke unemotionally, evenly with the quiet finality of one who has figured things out carefully and reached an irrevocable decision. "I've seen the sort of marriage ours would be. Seen it all my life in my own home, in my own street, everywhere. You give up your youth and your good looks and your health, and what do you get? A few months of being happy and then years of being miserable, of being poor, of being always tired and dragged out. When you start in, you're in love and you're young and you think you've got the world by the tail. You get married with just enough to live on and no margin—and something happens. You're sick or you lose your job or your mother-in-law has to have an operation—and there are always children when you can't even take care of yourself—and you go under. You forget you were ever young or pretty or in love. You get bitter and discouraged and admit you've made a mistake but you're caught and you've got to keep on." Valerie stopped, smoked hard for a moment. "No, it's no good. I've doped it all out. Love is a luxury a girl like me can't afford. That's why I take my pleasures lightly and pay little for them. I can't afford to have any real feelings. They call girls like me gold-diggers and I suppose we are—always looking for a ritzy date, always more interested in our dinner than our dinner partners. But why not? We've got to have something to make up for all we can't have."

"I've heard someone talk like that before—about love and marriage. I mean—they seemed to have about the same idea," Stanley spoke quietly.

"I know—that man you were engaged to, I suppose. He wouldn't give up the luxuries of life—I won't give up the necessities." Valerie wrinkled her forehead, stared at Stanley reflectively. "You still love him a lot, don't you?"

"I expect I do, Val."

"Even when you know he isn't worth it?"

"Even then."

"How do you feel about John Harmon?"

"I don't know—he's very necessary to me."

"Did you ever think he might be in love with you?"

"I've thought of that, but I don't think he is. He's never said so."

"He never will, not as long as you love this other man."

"But we've never discussed him."

"You don't need to. It's there in your eyes, in your smile, John Har-

mon knows—he'll always know."

"I suppose you're right, Val."

"Of course I'm right—I have to be right. I can't afford to be wrong."

Stanley had written to Ellen twice during the summer. Brief, affectionate letters, telling little, promising to go and see her in the fall.

"Not just yet, Ellen (she wrote). I'm not sure enough about things—but later, after I really know what it's all about, I'll come to you."

Her real reason for not going was fear—fear that the poor food and the stifling heat and the long hours at the office had worn away her resistance and made her susceptible to the rest and physical comfort Ellen would offer, even upon her Stanley had no illusions about her courage but she had a very real desire to see this thing through, somehow to find herself and get her feet on the ground. She wanted to do this, she wanted to do it alone. And so she kept away from Ellen and contented herself with brief letters.

She had a letter from her aunt. "I must say you are behaving in a most picturesque way. I can't imagine why you choose to be so utterly fantastic. If you care to come over and try your luck at matrimony I can manage to finance you for half a year. I think you are absolutely idiotic not to see the advantages of this plan. At least, if you insist upon earning your own living, do find a more comfortable and suitable berth with your connections. This ought to be easy. I must admit I have never been able to understand you but I am fond of you and feel a certain responsibility."

From Perry Deverest had come a rather long letter, an oddly serious, surprisingly adult letter.

"I can't help feeling, Stanley, that if you had never met Drew, when the crash came you would have married me and we would have found happiness together. I realize this can probably never happen now, but neither that nor anything else can ever change my feeling for you. If you could see your way to letting me come to you, Stanley, I promise on my real love for you to respect your love for him. If you could let me give you the further protection of marriage, I would ask nothing from you except the pleasure of taking care of you, of knowing that you were safe and, if not happy, at least not alone and uncomfortable. If you can do neither of these things, then at least write and let me know how things are with you."

She had answered this, writing to Perry as she would have talked to him.

"I wish it might have happened, Perry—I think you are probably right and that it would have happened but for Drew. But there was Drew—and it didn't. I have nothing to give anyone—and no one can give me anything I've got to get over this alone. I wish I could feel differently about this, that I could turn to you for the courage and comfort and balance that I so terribly need. But it's no good, my dear, peace won't come that way—not through you, Perry, not through anyone I've got to find it in my own heart. I'm still floundering, but at least I'm not sinking and to let you come to me now would be exactly that—an admission of defeat—a stop to a tired mind and a weary heart. It might be respite for now but later on it would be—hades. So I'm going on alone and I know you'll understand."

This letter had been written a week after her visit to Nigel Stern. Since then she had heard no word from Perry—she had not expected to. She thought of him sometimes and always affectionately.

(To Be Continued)

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"Only Pay Rolls Will Help Us" Why Not An R. F. C. For Industry?



In bridging the way from Depression to Recovery, Uncle Sam has erected a fine structure with government loans.

But it will be impossible for the vast majority of Americans to cross this bridge into the promised land of prosperity until the draw shown in the cartoon is let down.

Failure to provide loans for industry will hold up indefinitely the march out of the economic wilderness. Loans to banks, agriculture, insurance companies and railroads form but a part of the bridge—not by any means the whole bridge.

Industry is the real connecting link between the recovery machinery that already has been set up and actual recovery itself. Without industrial progress the program cannot proceed on its own, for industry provides the creative power—the one road to pay-rolls. Put men and women to work, give them an opportunity to earn wages, and recovery will follow automatically.

To do this, industry needs the same kind of government assistance that already has been given to the banks, railroads, insurance companies and agriculture. It needs long term credit in the form of working capital loans.

Loans to banks to replace depreciations of securities, their inventories—save stockholders and depositors but remain a frozen unhuman something that weaves not, neither does it spin.

Loans to insurance companies save stockholders by replacing depreciations of their securities. The loans have not saved one policy for one poor person that has lost his job and couldn't pay his premiums.

Loans to railroads have saved bondholders, given some labor but have mainly been again to replace depreciation and save capital—investment—they have not made one more pound of freight to carry or created one dollar of wealth.

Loans to China, etc., may be helpful to take up stocks but are not creative of either consuming or purchasing power here.

These examples could go on ad infinitum all with the same answer—the same song over and over again.

Industry makes freight for railroads to carry—it makes necessary human travel—it pays wages so men and women can pay their insurance premiums and have money to deposit in banks.

When banks have deposits insurance companies are paid premiums and carriers have normal freight and passenger service. They need no loans.

All these things happen when industry is able to employ labor and replace its working capital depleted by the self same depreciations that affected banks, insurance companies and railroads.

—Clifton Journal.

\$10 to \$300

LOANS

★ Get the money you need and repay as convenient.

Many plans for your convenience... Personal Note—Furniture—Automobile—Co-maker... you choose the one you prefer.

Cost is moderate. For example a \$50 loan repaid in 5 months costs only \$5.25. Other amounts and terms in proportion.

IDEAL
Financing Association, Inc.
1011 & Wood Sts. Dial 517
Over McCrory's
BRISTOL
Open Friday from 7 to 9 P. M.

CALL PHONE WRITE

\$10 to \$300

LOANS

★ Get the money you need and repay as convenient.

Many plans for your convenience... Personal Note—Furniture—Automobile—Co-maker... you choose the one you prefer.

Cost is moderate. For example a \$50 loan repaid in 5 months costs only \$5.25. Other amounts and terms in proportion.

IDEAL
Financing Association, Inc.
1011 & Wood Sts. Dial 517
Over McCrory's
BRISTOL
Open Friday from 7 to 9 P. M.

CALL PHONE WRITE

I'm so glad she's better. Bob was asking me to-day....

She uses her telephone to chat with friends—to help her shop—to run her errands.

She values it also for the protection it gives—the sense of security. It's always ready in any emergency to summon aid with least delay!

You can have a telephone in YOUR home for less than a dime a day!

THE BELL TELEPHONE COMPANY OF PENNSYLVANIA

In a Personal Way

INTERESTING bits of news mainly about people you know. A chronicle of the activities of the people of Bristol; their goings and comings. : : :

GUESTS OF LOCALITIES

Mr. and Mrs. John Healey, Spruce street, had as guests over the week-end, Miss Jean Martin, Philadelphia, and Charles Sharkey, of the 6th Field Artillery, Port Hoyle, Md.

Mrs. Franklin Mershon, Jr., and baby, Mountville, Va., are paying a visit to Mr. and Mrs. F. Mershon, 200 Otter street.

Mr. and Mrs. J. V. MacBlain, 1606 Trenton avenue, entertained Sunday, Mr. and Mrs. H. T. Wells and son Robert, Lansdowne; Mrs. William Hasson, and Mrs. James Adgate, Mayfair.

Mrs. Claude Boltz and daughter, Mae, Tacony, have been paying a several days' visit to Mrs. Mary Dugan, Buckley street. Mrs. Dugan and her guests spent Sunday in Phillipsburg, N. J., where they visited Mr. and Mrs. Edward O'Brien.

Miss Florence Ritchie, Philadelphia, spent the week-end in Bristol, visiting Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Buck, Jefferson avenue, and Mr. and Mrs. James Hughes, Swain street.

A guest during the week-end of Mr. and Mrs. Frank G. Mitchener, 320 Jefferson avenue, was Charles Dodson, Upper Darby.

Mrs. Coleman Kenderdine, Village Farms, Langhorne, was a guest last week of Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Praul, 233 Wood street.

Miss Noreen Whyatt, Philadelphia, week-ended with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Whyatt, Wilson avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Lawrence, Jr., and family, Lansdowne, passed the week-end with Mr. and Mrs. Richard Myers, Otter street.

Week-end guests of Mr. and Mrs.

William Gillies, 228 East Circle, were: Mrs. Mayme Duffy, and Harry Newman, West Philadelphia; Mr. and Mrs. Frank Perry and Edward Dillett, Frankford; Miss Thelma Cherry, Miss Betty McArthur, and Howard Cherry, Mayfair; and Adam Herman, Bustleton.

A guest over the week-end of Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Yeager, 339 Jackson street, was Joseph Monkin, Philadelphia. Sunday guests at the Yeager home were Miss Ella Schultz and Robert Schultz, Burlington, N. J.

George Harris and Miss Anne Harris, Wilmington, Del., were guests last week of Mr. and Mrs. James Cooper, 1914 Trenton avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Angus Gillies, 234 East Circle, entertained over the week-end, Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Nagle and daughter, Miss Catherine Nagle, Westmont, N. J.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Godshall, Souderton, passed the week-end with Mr. and Mrs. Russell Godshall, 346 Harrison street.

Mrs. Oliver B. Hill, Trenton, N. J., was a Saturday and Sunday guest of her sister, Mrs. Clara Bailey, 291 Cleveland street.

IN HOSPITAL

Mrs. John Kelly, Spruce street, is a patient in the Harriman Hospital.

HOME FROM HOSPITAL

Joseph Fallon, Jefferson avenue and Pond street, returned home Sunday from the Hahnemann Hospital, Philadelphia, where he underwent an operation for appendicitis.

VISIT OUT OF TOWN

Miss Catherine Armstrong, 310 Jefferson avenue, was a visitor during the week-end of Mr. and Mrs. Patrick McCafferty, West Philadelphia.

Miss Ruth Adams, West Circle, passed the week-end in Passaic, N. J., with relatives.

Mrs. William A. Campbell, 348 Jackson street, was a guest for several days last week of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Bryan Funderwhite, Glen Mills.

Mrs. Lewis Townsend, 804 Mansion street, was a Saturday guest of Mrs. John Tomlinson, Trenton, N. J.

Mrs. Robert Cochran, 345 Harrison street, was a Thursday guest of Mr. and Mrs. Matthew Field, Trenton, N. J. Sunday was spent by Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Shire, West Circle, in Philadelphia, where they visited Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Beaton.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Budzyko and family, 108 Fillmore street, spent Saturday and Sunday in Wallington, N. J., as the guests of relatives.

Miss Margaret Moore, North Radcliffe street, was a guest over the week-end of relatives in Paterson, N. J.

Mrs. George Brannigan, Buckley street, was a Friday and Saturday guest of Mr. and Mrs. Jack Sylvester, Trenton, N. J.

Sunday was spent by Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Davies, 316 Jackson street, in Doylestown, where they were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Kolbe.

SOCIAL CLUB HAS AN ENJOYABLE VALENTINE DANCE AT THE INN

The Rohm and Haas Social Club held a Valentine dance at the Inn, Saturday evening with about 50 in attendance. It was a most enjoyable affair with dancing to the strains of a well-known local orchestra. The broom dance created fun; and in the elimination dance, prizes were awarded to Mrs. William Schreiber and Frank Phipps. The Inn was attractively decorated in red and white in keeping with St. Valentine's season. Refreshments were served. Frank Phipps was chairman of the entertainment committee, and Francis Bossler was chairman of the decorating committee.

Don't Be FOXED
—when buying fuel



Play safe, order 'blue coal'

It's easy to be fooled when buying fuel. Especially if you listen to the extravagant claims made for substitute fuels. Thousands of home owners who've tried them tell the same story... spotty, irregular heat—constant running to the cellar—unhealthy fumes—and higher heating costs. Don't be "foxed" when selecting fuel to heat your home. Insist on "blue coal".

"Blue coal" is the highest quality Northern Pennsylvania hard coal. It is carefully cleaned, sized and prepared to give more quick-starting, steady, healthful heat for every fuel dollar.

C. S. WETHERILL EST.
BRISTOL PHONE 863

Officers are: Dr. J. J. Willaman, dentist; William Sharkey, treasurer; president; Frank Phipps, vice-pres.; Francis Lefferty, secretary.

Special Sale!
2 Garments \$1
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DRY CLEANED
Suits - Coats - Dresses
Velvets, Chiffons, Pleated, More
CASH & CARRY
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202 MILL STREET, BRISTOL, PA.

GRAND Monday Only
LIONEL BARRYMORE, ALICE BRADY
In the Great Stage Success — The Vinegar Tree
"SHOULD LADIES BEHAVE"
COMING TUESDAY — WALTER WINCHELL'S
"BROADWAY THRU A KEYHOLE"

Classified Advertising Department

Announcements

Cards of Thanks

GRUNERT—For assistance at the time of the death of my father, William Grunert, and to those who sent automobiles, I extend thanks.
PAUL GRUNERT.

Funeral Directors

UNDERTAKER—William I. Murphy, Est., 316 Jefferson avenue, Bristol, Pa. Phone 2417.

Strayed, Lost, Found

LOST—Barring, with turquoise drop. On Radcliffe St. between Washington and Lafayette Sts., or in Pine Grove. Reward. Return to 809 Radcliffe St.

Automotive

Wanted—Automotive

AUTOMOBILES—For junk or in running condition. Highest prices. Sattler, Fifth Ave. and State Road, Croydon. Phone Bristol 2321.

AUTOMOBILE—Must be good car. Will pay cash. State price and make. Write Box 265, Croydon, Pa.

Business Service

Building and Contracting

ELECTRICAL WORK—Motors and lighting, ranges, heaters, George P. Bailey, Bath Rd., Bristol. Dial 7125.

Merchandise

Articles for Sale

NEUWEILERS—Beer, 3 bot., 25c; 6, 50c, plus deposit; high-powered ale, \$2.10 case. Valentines, W. Bristol.

LEATHER BED COUCH—and mattress. Excellent condition. \$10. George W. Wright, Tullytown.

Rooms and Board

Rooms for Housekeeping

FARRAGUT AVE., 1511—One or two furnished rooms, 2nd floor. Will rent singly or for light housekeeping to desir. persons. Mrs. D. Mulholland.

Real Estate for Rent

Apartments and Flats

APARTMENT—3 rooms and bath, all improvements, \$16; 3 room apartment, furnished, all improvements, \$20; dwelling, Monroe St., 4 rooms and bath, \$20. Eastburn & Blanche, 118 Mill street.

APARTMENT—All new paint & paper, 6 large rooms, bath, porch, garage, steam heat and hot water furnished. \$25 month. Charles LaPolla, phone Bristol 652.

Houses for Rent

SWAIN ST., 621, 623, 627—Rent \$13. Electricity and water. George Irwin, 224 Buckley street.

LEGAL

NOTICE

Resolved, That a printed notice be sent by mail to each and every property owner whose water account prior to the year 1934 is in arrears.

And in order to be certain that each and every property owner shall have had due notice, the names of all owners, the location of their property, together with the amounts due shall be published in a local newspaper, of all whose water accounts shall still be delinquent on February 28, 1934.

And within a reasonable lapse of time after public notice, all those services which are then still delinquent shall be discontinued.

BRISTOL BOROUGH COUNCIL
Adopted Feb. 12, 1934.

G-2-17-7t

NOTICE

Notice is hereby given that household goods placed in storage by John Gallagher will be sold after March 1, 1934, to satisfy liens for storage and hauling due.

MRS. D. MULHOLLAND.
D-2-16-3t

Estate Notice

Estate of Louisa M. Vandegrift, late of Bensalem Township, Pa., deceased. Letters of Administration, C. T. A., having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to the said estate are notified to make settlement, and all having legal claims against same are requested to present them promptly in proper form for settlement to

THE BRISTOL TRUST CO.,
Administrator, C. T. A.,
Radcliffe St., Bristol, Pa.
HOWARD L. JAMES,
Attorney.

1-22-6low

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From the Diamond Horse Shoe of the Metropolitan Opera House

Saturday at 1:35 P. M. Eastern Standard Time, over Red and Blue Networks of NBC, Lucky Strike will broadcast the Metropolitan Opera Company of New York in the complete opera, "Tannhauser."

DAVE'S DELICATESSEN

By MILT GROSS



Use the Classified Columns
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SPORTS

HIBERNIANS DROP ANOTHER CAGE TILT

The Bristol Hibernians dropped another decision yesterday afternoon, losing to the Kent Tigers, 31-19, in the Italian Mutual Aid floor. In the preliminary game, the Bristol Hawks defeated the Kent Tigers Reserves by the close score of 32-27.

The Hibs were no match for the Trenton team whose passing and scoring attack was much more superior than the locals. The only period in which the Big Green showed any scoring punch was in the third quarter when it chalked up seven points.

Kent Tigers	Ed. G.	Fl. G.	Pts.
Zazo f	2	5	9
Salator f	2	0	4
Tellene c	1	3	5
O'Hara g	2	5	9
Chianise g	2	0	4
	9	13	31

Hibernians	Ed. G.	Fl. G.	Pts.
Dougherty f	2	0	4
E. Roe f	1	0	2
J. Roe f	2	0	4
Donnelly c	0	5	5
Sascavitz g	0	0	0
J. Dougherty g	0	1	1
Rogers g	1	1	3
	6	7	19

FAVOR YOUNG MEN TO WIN CONTEST TONIGHT

The Young Men's Association basketball team is favored to win tonight when that quintet stacks up against the Paterson Parchment Paper Company team on the Italian Mutual Aid floor. This game is the second game scheduled, the Odd Fellows meeting the Third Ward A. C. in the opener.

Despite its rather poor showing made all season, the Y's are really expected to put it over the Paterson club and stop that five from finishing in at least a deadlock for the second half championship.

The Hawks and the Paper Makers are in a deadlock for first place and if the Paper Millers win tonight it will assure that team of at least a tie for the second half and the Hawks will have to win on Thursday night to stay on even terms with the Parrell-men.

The Odd Fellows also show promise of giving the Warders a hard tussle. The Oddies have dropped all of their games the second half and are out strong after victory. A win for the Pikers will assure that team of second place.

"Should Ladies Behave?" Is To Be Shown at The Grand

At the Grand Theatre tonight, "Should Ladies Behave?" will be the feature. This is based on "The Vinegar Tree" by Paul Osborn.

The principal trio of the Osborn play, described as a very commentary on modern life, include Augustus Merriek, a touchy but lovable old crab with liver trouble whose picturesque country estate provides the romantic setting for the action of the story; his slightly giddy wife, Laura, who constantly cherishes love affairs of the past but who somehow or other can never remember the names of the men involved; and Max Lawrence, a specialist in amorous adventures.

Also involved are Laura's sister, Winifred, fresh from Europe and awfully sophisticated, who thinks she has Max in tow; her niece, Leone, who seems so young and innocent but who manages to take Max away from Winifred from under her very nose; and Geoffrey, Leone's supposed fiancé, whose life is made miserable by the presence at the week-end party of his more worldly rival.

Willis are crossed, temperaments clash, and a general fireworks ensues as a result of the emotional conflicts of the various persons involved with the story rising to a side-splitting climax when young Geoffrey attempts an heroic window-climbing act of the medieval age and meets with disastrous results.

Tomorrow evening the feature will be "Broadway Through A Keyhole," by Walter Winchell.

SHOPPER'S GUIDE

BUSINESS DIRECTORY

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BRISTOL HAWKS EASILY TRIUMPH OVER VISITORS

Better marksmanship from the foul line gave the Hawks their triumph over the Kent Tigers Reserves. From the fifteen-foot line, the Hawks sank ten out of thirteen foul tries, while the losers scored but five in seventeen tries.

Harry Kendig was high scorer for the winning quintet with 12 points. Tellene scored the same number for the losers.

Kent Tigers Res.	Ed. G.	Fl. G.	Pts.
Jildor f	4	1	9
Bascarell f	2	0	4
Tellene c	4	4	12
Petry g	1	0	2
Kewpie g	0	0	0
Salvator g	0	0	0
	11	5	27

Bristol Hawks	Ed. G.	Fl. G.	Pts.
Kervick f	1	1	3
Dorsey f	2	3	7
Dugan c	3	2	8
Kendig g	5	2	12
Flatch g	0	2	2
Brown g	0	0	0
	11	10	32

Referee, Rosenthal; timer, Potts; scorer, C. Petalillo.

MERCHANTS TO MEET

The Bristol Merchants' Association will hold an important meeting on Wednesday evening in the Profy Building, Wood and Mill streets, at 8.30 o'clock. President Arthur P. Brady urges every member to be present as important business is to be transacted.

RESCUED FROM CANAL

Francis Kline, 9, of 338 Harrison street, was rescued from drowning, when he fell into the waters of the canal here, yesterday afternoon. The name of the rescuer was not learned. A patrolman took the boy to Harriman Hospital for treatment.

EDGELEY

Prizes were awarded to Mrs. Jenks, high score for bagatelle; pinochle, Mrs. Gallagher, and "500," Mrs. Pearson and Mrs. Walter Stillwell.

William McCain, Newport Road, has purchased a handsome new eight-cylinder Ford coach of Percy G. Ford, the local dealer.

Europe Is In Uniform

Continued from Page One

Erzberg is named last, but it is not least in the list of reasons why Germany wants Austria. Germany today must import three-quarters of her iron ore.

The treaty of Versailles took away three-fourths of her iron ore deposits. When Germany lost the iron fields of Alsace-Lorraine and Luxembourg and, at least temporarily, the Saar, she suffered the severest of all the blows at her war-making capacity.

At peace, Germany, as her 1927 record showed, can import enough iron ore to satisfy the wartime needs of 1917.

From Spain, Sweden, Algiers, she can import all she needs to prepare for anything she likes. She can lay in vast supplies of ore, as she is now doing under long term contracts with Sweden. But when war comes Germany, with no command of the seas, is dependent on the ore within her borders.

The German steel trust already owns Erzberg. But Germany wants Erzberg within her borders.

Not many visitors to Austria take the trouble to explore this Alpine factor in international politics. The train leaves Vienna at ten o'clock in the evening and at two o'clock in the morning reaches Leoben. There an excellent hotel, used by the directors of the mighty Alpine-Montan Cesselschaft, present owners of Erzberg, provides a bed until daybreak. At the crack of a freezing dawn the mixed train for Erzberg starts and with half a dozen high-booted

mountaineer passengers puffs off for a climb of three thousand feet.

The conductor said we would never get there; an avalanche had blocked the tracks. Punctually at nine-thirty we confused the defeatist spirit of the train crew and pulled into Erzberg. Like gnomes, we went into the mountain, walked down a tunnel through its heart, and came out on its massive breast.

There lay Erzberg, above and below us, a perfect stairway to take a giant in sixty steps of fifty feet each from the bottom to the top. Out of the tip of the mountain a hundred Cheops Pyramids could be built. Each step was brown, or red, or yellow, and the top of each was frosted. Behind the mountain the blue Alpine sky glittered fiercely in the cold sunshine. Each step has its name. There are Adam, and Eve, and Judas, and Paul and Joseph and Kunigunde. Every miner knows the sixty-steps as other men know street names.

Romans were the first to pick at Erzberg. They picked a century to gain a ton. Today when the mines are going top speed air drills on every step bite deep. The web of wire that shrouds the mountain carries at one time the spark to 300 blasts and in one mighty roar a ton of dynamite flays another layer of the monster's hide. For minutes the echoes bellow up and down the valley.

"It is marvelous to hear," our guide remarked. "Sometimes we have war veterans here, and they always say it reminds them of the biggest bombardments they ever heard at the front."

From one day's blasting at this rate the mines gain 6,000 tons or more of ore that runs better than fifty per cent pure iron. In its best year, 1916, Erzberg produced 2,260,000 tons. In 1933 production went down to 270,000 tons. This year Alpine-Montan expects to do 400,000 or about the 1931 level.

Germany of course requires more ore than Alpine-Montan's present or past production. At present the sales to Germany are severely handicapped by freight to the Ruhr. But Alpine-Montan needs German coke, and the same cars can take coke to Erzberg and iron ore back to the Ruhr. This is a possibility for peacetime trade between Germany and Austria and is an example of the sort of economic advantage that could result to the two countries from political union.

But Germany is more interested in Erzberg's capacity. Even though it would not supply all of Germany's needs in time of war it could supply an important part of them. The 300,000,000 tons of ore in Erzberg equal about a fourth of the total ore supply that Germany has left to her after losing the French fields. And the convenience of the Erzberg supply, lying on the surface with room for ten thousand men to shovel it away, is uncanceled in Europe.

It seems possible that the former maximum yearly production of 2,260,000 tons could be tripled or quadrupled if need existed, and that would mean that Erzberg in wartime could supply Germany with forty to fifty per cent of the ore she lacks.

Even when Germany had the ore fields that now belong to France, she appreciated the importance of Erzberg. Erzberg's guest book shows it. This guest book of an iron mine has history and romance in its faded leaves. First name in it, written forty years ago is Archduke Francis Ferdinand, heir to the Austro-Hungarian throne, whose assassination twenty-one years after he visited Erzberg, was the signal for the World War.

In 1916 appear the names of German officers come to arrange delivery of ore to war-hungry furnaces. Again and again appear the names of commissioners from the Berlin Ministry

of War.

After the war comes Castillo Castiglioni, the great Italian inflation profiteer who made and lost a major fortune in the wreck of currencies. Erzberg was for a while in Castiglioni's hands. Then comes the name of Hugo Stinnes, who picked up Erzberg as an item in his fantastic inventory. Then Zimmermann, the commissioner of the League of Nations to Austria. Finally Voegler, German iron master whose steel trust now owns Erzberg through Alpine-Montan.

After war broke, a long and ominous blank in the guest book reflects the shock that stunned Europe. A full year after August 1914 the first guests to sign again were five little archduchesses with their mamma. After the war ended came another long blank. And then the first guests to sign again were the three little children of Skoda, lord of munitions.

Munitions families can still afford a trip to Erzberg.

Cadets Make Merry At Annual Banquet

Continued from Page One

One of the speakers was Leon Wall, of Royersford, known to hundreds of ex-service men as commander of the Ninth District of the American Legion. "It's a pleasure for me to be here and enjoy the fruits of your labors," stated Commander Wall. "If we're proud of nothing else we're proud to have in our district for two years in succession the champion cadet corps of the state. The post is in back of you, the district is in back of you. As long as I'm district commander, and as long as you are state champions you will always have the line of any parade the ninth district has in charge. Carry on."

To the Cadet Commander, Harry Burbank, a gift was presented by Joseph Winslow, lieutenant commander, on behalf of the cadet corps. A splendid ovation was paid by the lads to their leader as he received his gift, and the respect and love for Commander Burbank shown in the eager faces. A gift was also presented by the corps through Mr. Winslow to lieutenant commander Herbert Thomas.

The toastmaster presented to the assemblage: Mrs. Walter Strouse, president of the Cadet Booster Association; Lt. Com. Thomas; Mrs. Benjamin Ahart, president of the American Legion Auxiliary of Bracken Post; musical leader, Charles Brodie. To the latter Mr. Burbank gave a baton.

As is the custom the cadet of merit for the year was named. The lad thus honored was Sergeant Jeffries, who received this award by being picked by the officers because of initiative, scholarship, willingness, obedience, leadership, hygiene, attendance, appearance, no suspensions, and no reprimands, this being summed up by Commander Burbank as "being a gentleman."

MAN'S HEART STOPPED, STOMACH GAS CAUSE

W. L. Adams was bloated so with gas that his heart often missed beats after eating. Advertiser rid him of all gas, and now he eats anything and feels fine. Sold in Bristol by Hoffman's Cut Rate Store.—(Adv.)

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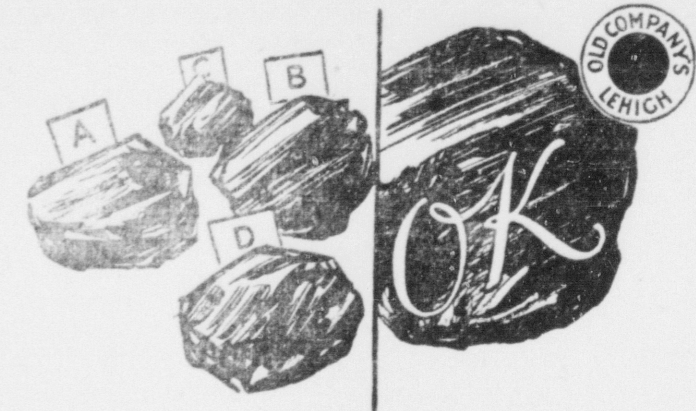
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